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THE MANY LOVES OF THORWALD DOCKSTADER

When Thorwald Dockstader—sophomore, epicure, and sportsman—first took up smoking, he did not simply choose the first brand of cigarettes that came to hand. He did what any sophomore, epicure, and sportsman would do: he sampled several brands and then picked the mildest, tastiest, pleasingest of all—Philip Morris, of course!

Similarly, when Thorwald took up girls, he did not simply select the first one who came along. He sampled. First he took out an English literature major named Elizabeth Barrett Grisbt, a wisp of a girl with luminous eyes and a soul that shimmered with a pale, unearthly beauty. Trippingly, trippingly, she walked with Thorwald upon the beach and sat with him behind a windward dune and listened to a sea shell and sighed sweetly and took out a little gold pencil and a little morocco notebook and wrote a little poem:

I will lie upon the shore,
I will be a dreamer.
I will feel the sea once more
Pounding on my fencur.

Thorwald's second date was with a physical education major named Peaches Glendower, a broth of a girl with a ready smile and a size 18 neck. She took Thorwald down to the cinder track where they jogged around 50 times to open the pores. Then they played four games of squash, six sets of tennis, 36 holes of golf, nine innings of one old cat, six chukkers of lacrosse, and a mile and a quarter of leap frog. Then they went ten rounds with eight-ounce gloves and then they had heaping bowls of bran and whey and exchanged a manly handshake and went home to their respective whirlpool baths.

Thorwald's final date was with a golden-haired, creamy-browed, green-eyed, red-lipped, full-calved girl named Totsi Sigafoos. Totsi was not majoring in anything. As she often said, "Gee whillikers, what's college for anyhow—to fill your head full of icky old facts, or to discover the shining essence that is YOU?"

Totsi started the evening with Thorwald at a luxurious restaurant where she consumed her own weight in Cornish rock hen. From there they went to a de luxe movie palace where Totsi had popcorn with butter. Then she had a bag of chocolate covered raisins—also with butter. Then they went to a costly ballroom and cha-cha'd till dawn, tipping the band every eight bars. Then they went to a Chinese restaurant where Totsi, unable to decipher the large and baffling menu, found a simple way out of her dilemma:

she ordered one of everything. Then Thorwald took her to the women's dorm, boosted her in the window, and went downtown to wait for the employment office to open.

While waiting, Thorwald thought over all of his girls and came to a sensible decision. "I think," he said to himself, "that I will stick with Philip Morris. I am not rich enough for girls."

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Anybody is rich enough for Philip Morris—and for Philip Morris' brother cigarette, filter-tip Marlboro, the cigarette with better "makin's". The flavor's fine, the filter filters, the price is right.

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